

20 June 1951

Mr. C. C. Schiffeler  
Executive Vice-President  
The Hotel Raleigh  
Washington 4, D. C.

Dear Mr. Schiffeler:

General Smith has asked me to express his appreciation to you for your offer regarding requirements that he may have for hotel reservations. We shall, of course, call you personally should the occasion arise.

Thank you again for your courtesy in this matter.

Sincerely,

[redacted]  
Assistant to the Director

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C.C.SCHIFFELER  
VICE PRESIDENT AND  
MANAGING DIRECTOR

EXECUTIVE OFFICE



# The HOTEL RALEIGH

ON FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AT 12TH ST.

Washington 4, D.C.

June 14, 1951

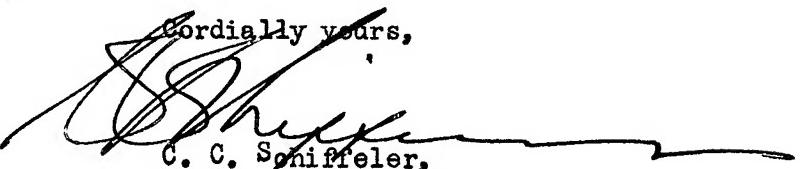
Lt. Gen. Walter B. Smith  
2430 E St., N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

Dear General Smith:

STAT [redacted] was kind enough to speak to me regarding your requirements of rooms that you may have from time to time. I want to assure you that I will be more than happy to look after you and your friends. Please have your office call me personally whenever you are in need of rooms or any other services.

With best wishes,

Cordially yours,

  
C. C. Schiffeler,  
Executive Vice-President.

"One of the Country's fine Hotels, known for its Gracious Hospitality"

450 ROOMS, EACH WITH BATH - AIR CONDITIONED DINING ROOMS - THE FAMOUS FALL MALL RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE CAFE - THE RALEIGH DINING ROOM AND APPROVED FOR RELEASE 2003/06/26 : CIA-RDP80R01731R00180048-1

# CAPITAL LETTER

by

HARRIET HUGHES CROWLEY

Mrs. Lauritz Melchior, the petite and glamorous wife of the Metropolitan's famous Wagnerian star, recently was talking over long distance to Curt Schiffeler, the Melchior's perennial Washington host and director of the Raleigh Hotel. "Ve are sending you a hat," she said, "Ve hope you will lauv it. Ve sink it look good in our suite."

The Colonel was extremely pleased and looked forward to getting a Tyrolean hat to go with a Tyrolean outfit that the Melchiors had sent him previously, and it would blend in nicely with decor of the Melchior suite, he thought, which has as its theme a hunting motif. A few days later the "hat" arrived. It was in a crate eight feet square and, when uncrated, turned out to be a moose head which the great singer had just brought down in a hunting expedition. The agreeable host, who stops at nothing to please his friends and customers, dutifully took down the hunting print hanging over the mantel-piece in the Melchior suite, and only the fact that the antlers reached to the chandelier in the center of the room kept him from leaving the "hat" in one of the super suites in his hotel.

The Melchiors are not the only celebrities who could move a moose head into the Raleigh if they chose to do so. Lily Pons once returned from South America with a live jaguar. The Lily Pons suite at the Raleigh, which, like all the celebrity suites, has her name on a bronze plaque on the door, has a jaguar feeling about it. There are pictures of jaguars, chairs covered in jaguar skin, and various cat motifs around.

If the Raleigh Hotel appears to specialize in singers and musicians (there are also bronze plaques and specially decorated apartments for Helen Traubel, Dame Myra Hess, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, Nelson Eddy, Eugene Ormandy, Fritz Kreisler, Ezio Pinza, and Richard Crooks), it is because Schiffeler, the guiding genius, is a fine singer and music lover himself. As everything about the Raleigh bears his stamp, it is no wonder that the Raleigh's most regular guests are the famous people of the music world, with only a few of the non-musical celebrities represented, such as Thornton Wilder, who possibly gets by because he plays the piano and who is honored by a suite decorated in a Chinese motif because of the fact that he was educated in China.

There is only one subject about which the Raleigh's host and benevolent dictator is more enthusiastic than music. That is the hotel business. An evangelist could hardly be more lyrical at heart than Schiffeler is on the subject of the hotel business and the sheer delight of playing host to appreciative guests. Four generations of Schiffelers have been doing this, with Curt Schiffeler being the first to carry on the tradition outside of his native Palatinate.

"As a little boy I watched my grandfather as he waited to greet his guests. When all the travelers left the station and our hotel guests were seated in our coach, the coachman climbed to his seat next to the driver. There he played a little "ra-ta-ta-ta" on his hunting horn as the team pranced



COLONEL C. C. SCHIFFELER

gaily through the streets, calling the attention of the townspeople to our new arrivals. As our omnibus approached the hotel, the coachman signalled with a special tune and my grandfather would await at our entrance to welcome his guests. He graciously assisted every guest and, in particular, the ladies. If the lady had not been to the hotel before, he would bestow a kiss on her hand and if she had previously been there, he would give her a kiss on her cheek or forehead, according to the terms of their acquaintance. Naturally, in a hotel with four hundred rooms I cannot personally escort each guest to his room. But there are other ways of showing special attention. We try to remember a guest's favorite dishes and prepare them."

Ever since Schiffeler began the task of making the Raleigh over from the abysmal decline it had fallen into, to one of the leading hotels of the Capital, he has been concentrating his drive and imagination on the cuisine. Consequently, some very famous Washingtonians whose avocation is the eating of fine food and the drinking of rare wines have been attending Curt Schiffeler's Hunt Dinners as though they were sacred rites. They eat wild turkey when it is in season, pompano from New Orleans, venison, pheasant, trout, or ducks. Of all the Capitalites who have relished these experiences, Schiffeler chooses the late Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone as the outstanding epicure of them all. "Many lovers of food experience a good meal. The true epicure lives it," Schiffeler says. "Chief Justice Stone was the true epicure. He knew more about food and wine than anyone else around here."

When asked who holds that title now, Schiffeler would not commit himself even after long consideration. His verdict is that "no one can ever take Stone's place." Proving that diplomacy is deep-rooted in one hotel man.